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RAYMOND ADAMS' THOREAU NEWSLETTER edited by Walter Harding

Raymond Adams of the University of North Carolina was the first president of the Thoreau Society. He still lives in Chapel Hill at the age of eighty-eight, though sadly for the last several years he has been very seriously ill. In the summer of 1935 in order to catch up with some of his correspondence, he mimeographed a note to some of his friends to bring them up-to-date on some of his Thoreau activities. So interesting were the responses to this note that in February 1936 he sent out to his friends a mimeographed sheet entitled "Thoreau News Letter for February 1836" beginning:

> Again there is a budget of news about Thoreau that several of us will be interested in and that we may as well share through a circular letter--there seeming never to be time to write all the Thoreau news to my friends individually. So I shall run this off on the mimeograph and send it around, impersonal though it may be. I'm afraid, too, that most of it is about myself. That can be charged more to isolation than to egotism, for we have kept in our little village by a real winter this year--with the result that I have seen more of myself than any of my friends. I have tried not to "brag as lustily as Chanticleer" about my own things.

Thus began a little publication that went on for fifteen issues, appearing irregularly up until October 1944. It varied from one to two mimeographed pages. Its circulation I do not know for certain although I think I recall Raymond's telling me it may have gone as high as fifty copies.

Its contents were "God's plenty" about Thoreau. New books and articles were listed and evaluated as they appeared. Interesting manuscript material was described as it was discovered. The activities of early and nearly unknown Thoreauvians were described. And all of it was served up with Raymond's wit. Much of the material, timely in its day, has been understandably superseded, but there is still much that should not be forgotten. So, since files of the newsletter are difficult to find, I am going to anthologize here some excerpts both to give the flavor of the newsletter and to help preserve some of its more important findings:

February, 1936

Mary Johnston's Drury Randall has come to hand and proves disappointing as an instance of Thoreau in fiction. The hero of the book is said to meet Thoreau once, and that is about all. The blurb on the dust wrapper says, "A chance contact with Emerson and Thoreau in Concord so colors the design of his thinking that the outbreak of the Civil War finds him a philosopher rather than a fighter." The book itself does not live up to these fine words.

March, 1936.

During the month I bought three Thoreau "firsts" by mail from England (Cape Cod, Early Spring in Massachusetts, and A Yankee in Canada). The copy of A Yankee (1866) is bound in green. It is the only copy of that first edition (indeed, of the first six Thoreau "firsts" which I have ever seen) in green. Not that it matters.

Thoreau bindings do not present many bibliographical problems. . . . However, there are some interesting bindings among Thoreauana. The best association binding, I think, is the one which Fred Hosmer himself put on his book Three Letters in 1900. The binding is of coarse linen with a violet embroidered in the upper left hand corner of the front cover. In a letter to H.S.Salt (September 26, 1900) Fred Hosmer said of his book: "The design of violet and bud, is by a young friend of mine, the same who designed the cassandra on Miss Lyman's "Extracts," while the embroidery was done by the young lady who works for me in the store. The binding itself is my own. I made up 40 copies so that my friends might share the 'letters.'"

June 9, 1936

Mrs. Fannie H. Eckstorm of Brewer, Maine, who knows more about Thoreau and the Maine Woods than anyone else, sent me a note quoting Edward Simmons' From Seven to Seventy in which is recorded an encounter with Thoreau which mentions his "blond beard." But Mrs. Eckstorm's friend George Savary Wasson (like Simmons an artist and observant of color) recalled Thoreau as a short blackish man. Original photographs of Thoreau are of no value in settling the question, for until the 1890's photography could not record blond hair. I recall one or two others who wrote that they remembered Thoreau as having light hair. Thoreau's own word for it is as good as any. In 1837 he described himself as "of a light complexion."

April, 1937.

In a copy of the "Thoreau Centenary Number of the London BOOKMAN, June 1917, . . . I find one more reference to Henry Thoreau's hair. . . . This newly found reference tells

The Thoreau Society, Inc., is an informal gathering of students and admirers of Henry David Thoreau. President, Michael Meyer; treasurer, Mary Anderson; secretary, Walter Harding. Address communications to the secretary at State University College, Geneseo, N.Y. 14454.

Membership, $20; student, $10; family, $35; benefactor, $100; life, $500. Dues should be sent to the Thoreau Society, 156 Belknap St., Concord, Mass. 01742.

something about the texture and hints something about the color of Thoreau's hair. It is in a comment on Walton Ricketson's bust of Thoreau written by Doctor Edward Emerson to Doctor Walter T. Haydon, the botanist of Liverpool, England. Said Doctor Emerson, "It gives his wide open, clear fearless eyes, and these and the treatment of the hair give a pleasant out-of-door effect; also no one could suppose it was dark, or coarse, or oily hair." . . . I know where one lock of Thoreau's hair has been saved, and when I have seen that I shall report on its color. Already I have a fair idea from a color card made to match the lock. Thoreau's hair was not dark.

October, 1937.

Recently I bought a Thoreau curiosity, THE SUCCESSION OF FOREST TREES AND OTHER ESSAYS in shorthand. It is the text of No. 27 of the "Riverside Literature Series" translated into the Amenuensis style of Phonography by Jerome B. Howard and published in 1916 by The Phonographic Institute of Company of Cincinnati. The pamphlet has one thing in common with my Japanese editing of Walden--I can't read a word of it.

The death this month of Herbert W. Gleason removed from the scene a rare gentleman and the man who knew best the nature haunts of Thoreau, in whose footsteps he had followed years later that he might record with his vivid camera the annual phenomena Thoreau had recorded with his vivid pen. His masterly illustrations for the Manuscript and Walden editions of Thoreau's writings have been the delight of all of us. These editions were further enriched by the inclusion of Mr. Gleason's "Map of Concord with Note and Index," for a time also available in pamphlet form but now out of print these many years. In 1917 Mr. Gleason paid centennial tribute to Thoreau with the book Through the Year with Thoreau, a gem of photographic interpretation. On December 11, 1918, in the Boston Transcript, Mr. Gleason had an account of the discovery of Thoreau's campsite on Monadnock, "Thoreau's Lost Camp Found." (See also the sixth chapter of Allen Chamberlain's The Annals of the Grand Monadnock). In the February, 1920, National Geographic Magazine Mr. Gleason had a beautifully illustrated article, "Winter Rambles in Thoreau's Country." . . . But the volume of his work fell far short of indicating the depth of his interest in Thoreau, as those of us who knew him can vouch. I shall not forget my day with him at Concord's Tercentenary, nor his showing me the set of carbon prints on celluloid which he had hoped to use in the Manuscript edition, pictures of a clarity unimagined even in ordinary carbon prints. The Riverside Press discovered that so much celluloid on the premises would render its fire insurance void, and the plan was abandoned. Thus Mr. Gleason could not pay that photographic tribute to Thoreau. However, his lecture slides, hand-colored by Mrs. Gleason, may have been the supreme tribute after all.

December, 1937.

Turning through a batch of uncatalogued material that I acquired just before summer vacation, I came upon three articles that should have been included among Herbert W. Gleason's writings about Thoreau listed in the last Newsletter. Each article was illustrated by Gleason photographs and each occupied a page in the Boston Transcript. That the record may be complete and that Mr. Gleason's service to Thoreau may loom even larger, I list here the titles and dates of the articles: "Thoreau's House Beautiful," January 3, 1920; "In the Wake of Thoreau's Home Made Boat," August 5, 1922; "Walden Pond in Thoreau's Day and Ours," December 31, 1924. . . . Mr. Gleason's sister writes me that he had gathered together all his Thoreau views ready for binding, and that now they will be bound and deposited in the Concord library.

February, 1938.

TEXAS HOUSE BURNS IN CONCORD!!! No, the caption is not a geographical "believe it or not." It's merely to say that the Thoreau house in Concord called "Texas House" was seriously burned on January 19, the fire starting from a defect in the chimney and burning the roof and upper part of the house while the firemen were handicapped by a temperature of 12 degrees below zero. Newspaper accounts said that many Thoreau relics, manuscripts, and a chest of pencils were burned. That had more journalism than truth about it. Years ago, when I first visited the house, the family who had bought it from the Thoreaus was still there; and they reported that there were no Thoreau relics and that the pencils found in the shed had long ago been used up or lost. I do not think that any Thoreauana moved in with the new owners. . . But the house itself is a great loss, for Henry and his father built it in 1844 (the first house owned by the Thoreaus) and the family lived there until 1850. It was from Texas House that Henry went to Walden Pond to live, and from its pantry food went to Walden also. Indeed Texas House was just about the nearest house to the Walden Cabin and his own family were his nearest neighbors. . . . Fred S. Piper visited the house the other day, said that it was not burned beyond repair, and sent me a piece of charred roof board. He said it was cheaply built. (The Thoreaus were poor in 1844.) Yet it stood pretty well for nearly a century. He admired especially the brick oven--the very oven from which emerged Henry's favorite pies, apple pies with a secret flavoring from one of the houseplants. Thoreau in the fields tasted all wild plants; at home he ate houseplants.

March, 1939

On February 26th the rotogravure section of the NEW YORK TIMES devoted nearly half a page to Henry Varnum Poor's fresco "Con-

servation of American Wild Life," recently completed for the Department of Interior building in Washington. One section of the fresco is devoted to Thoreau, shown reclining on a curious rock, book on knee, while he "interrupts his reading to play with chipmunks." Over his head is his name arranged like a halo. The scene is such as never was in Concord, and Henry looks like young Abe Lincoln. Also in the picture and looking unlike themselves are bears, foxes, woodchucks, squirrels, deer, moose, pigeons, and something up a tree that might be a raccoon, a wildcat, or a bear cub. I'm up a tree about it. Perhaps the fresco itself is better. I've noticed that newspaper reproductions of paintings are seldom satisfactory. This is not the first time Thoreau has appeared in fresco. Diego Rivera pictured him among the social prophets of America a few years ago. . . . As a matter of fact, Thoreau spent the greater part of his life in Concord alfresco.

January, 1940.

By all odds the most important Thoreau book of the year is Henry Seidel Canby's THOREAU, a full length biography published by Houghton Mifflin. The total effect of the book is good, though its parts do not stand up very well under close examination. To be specific, the facts and backgrounds of the early part of Thoreau's life are drawn too often from the writings of Sanborn and have Sanborn's bad stamp still upon them (especially as regards Thoreau's parents). Elsewhere secondary sources are used where a little digging would have brought up first-hand material; for example, the account of John's death and its effect on Henry could have come from a great letter which Thoreau wrote at the time, but Canby didn't use that. I hardly need mention the section of the book devoted to speculation about Thoreau's love affairs. If that part of the book explained Thoreau's later writing it might interest NEWSLETTER readers; as it is, it will interest readers who are more attracted by libido than literature. The book improves in the latter part in which the history of Thoreau as a writer is traced; there Doctor Canby is on ground he treads with sure-footedness; and there I liked the book best of all. Yet the book as a whole is more satisfying than these sentences may suggest. I think it is satisfying because it is a gathering together of most of the facts about Thoreau. The gathering is valuable even if the sources are often secondary and the facts not always quite accurate.

HOW TO BE WELL PAYED. May I add a linguistic note to our Christmas card? Some of you will recall the sentence on the card: "It was a tall white pine on Fair Haven Hill; and though I got well pitched, I was well payed for it, for I discovered new mountains in the horizon which I had never seen before." If you compared that with one of the printed versions of "Walking," you discovered that the clause read "I was well paid for it." I supposed that Thoreau had used an archaic spelling, so I looked it up. But there is a verb <u>pay</u> in the dictionary ahead of the one meaning "to compensate." It is the verb <u>pay</u>, <u>payed</u>, a nautical term meaning "to smear with hot tar or pitch." So Thoreau was really using purest English undefiled (though still pitched) and playing on the word <u>pay</u>. As first printed in the June 1862 ATLANTIC MONTHLY the word is paid. That manuscript was prepared under Thoreau's supervision while he was ill. But he didn't read the proof, and so the spelling got changed. . . . I have noticed other examples of some pure use of a word by Thoreau in his manuscript later misunderstood by an editor. Somewhere in his journal he spoke of "resorting Walden woods," meaning "to frequent, or live in" the woods. But the editor changed it to "resorting to Walden woods," an entirely different meaning.

January, 1942.

The death the other day of Otis Skinner reminded me that few of us have ever recognized the interest in Thoreau which his brother Charles maintained over a long period of years. None of the bibliographies mention Charles M. Skinner's books. For many years business forced him to live in Brooklyn, and in a very dull part of that sprawling city. There in the 1890's he found more evidences of nature than most of us would see in any city; and he recorded his observations and thoughts in at least two books of pleasant essays: FLOWERS IN THE PAVE and NATURE IN A CITY YARD. His third book of nature essays went farther afield than Brooklyn and is called WITH FEET TO EARTH. In all three, references to Thoreau are numerous.

March, 1942.

Thoreau took a special interest in a vegetable garden on Cape Cod--the garden of the Wellfleet Oysterman--where he discovered cabbage, broccoli, and parsley growing from seeds salvaged from the wrecked <u>Franklin</u>. It is this incident that gives Thoreau the credit for having discovered broccoli for America. I don't know that he distributed the vegetable; but he first mentioned it in an American book.

I have an idea that the best words said this spring for Thoreau and his thoughts as applied to modern life will be found in THE WIND IS RISING, a book of essays by H. M. Tomlinson. I haven't seen the book itself, but Harry Hanson in his newspaper syndicated review of it indicates that Tomlinson turns to Thoreau frequently throughout the book. Hanson says, "Nor has anyone discovered heretofore that 'Thoreau was responsible in part for the insurgence of political thought which followed the Boer War,'" which shows how little Hanson knows about Thoreau's influence on Edward Carpenter, Robert Blatchford, Ramsay MacDonald, and a lot of other British liberals of the last years of Victoria and after. If he had read the writings of good old Henry S.

Salt, he would have known about these things, for Tomlinson did not discover them nor claim to have discovered them. . . . Some of us will recall his account of how he discovered Thoreau. It's to be found on pages 72-73 of WAITING FOR DAYLIGHT. We'll remember the debt THE SEA AND THE JUNGLE owes to WALDEN. We'll recall the whole chapter about Thoreau, "The Road to Concord," which Tomlinson put at the end of SOUTH TO CADIZ. But most of all, we'll think of his sudden announcement at Harvard after he had obsequiously been shown Emerson's room in the Yard, "There was a greater teacher [for me] than Emerson, and to him I came but a little later. There was a man named Thoreau. I put him with Melville and Whitman, and I could hardly ssy more than that, except that, when young, I carried his WALDEN about in my pocket, as did many young Englishmen then, for the revolt against imperialism and materialism already had definitely arisen in England--nearly forty years ago you will note--and Thoreau was in part responsible for it, strange though that may seem to you. And there you have it." . . . Yes, there we have it, twelve years before Harry Hanson found it out. You'll find it on page 4 of that beautiful little Harvard University Press book, BETWEEN THE LINES.

Tomlinson's reaction to not being shown Thoreau's room must remind us of the reaction of that staunch defender of Thoreau, Samuel A. Jones. Doctor Jones went to Concord first on a G.A.R. excursion, and the group was shown all of the Emerson and Hawthorne shrines and even those of Alcott, but none of Thoreau. Finally Jones could stand it no longer and burst out--"I don't care a damn about all these places. Show me something connected with your greatest man, Henry Thoreau." The guide had never thought of Thoreau as Concord's greatest man. . . . One would misrepresent Doctor Jones if he omitted his damns. He was as outspoken as Thoreau and used more expletives. As a member of the faculty at the University of Michigan he once had a run in with the president, who had compromised some issue more than Jones thought he should have. Finally Jones burst out, "Mr. President, you don't have enough calcium in your entire spinal column to whitewash that bald spot on top of your head." . . . That is the way we college teachers like to have college presidents talked to!

Thoreau in a letter of April 30, 1855 mentioned having on hand 250 bound copies of A WEEK and 450 copies in sheets.. . . Of the 700 copies of the first edition of the WEEK unsold in Thoreau's lifetime, 250 must have remained bound in James Munroe & Co. bindings. What happened to these? Did Ticknor & Fields buy them along with the sheets, unbind them, and reissue the whole 700 as the 1862 edition? Or did they scrap the bound ones and issue the 450 with 1862 title pages? The question is an important one for collectors, for it involves 250 copies of the rare 1849 WEEK. I doubt that Ticknor and Fields sold any of the Munroe books. I doubt also that they went to the trouble of unbinding 250 copies. My guess is that they destroyed the 250 1849 WEEKS already bound and issued the 1862 WEEK in an edition of 450 copies, that number being quite sufficient to meet the demand at the time. I find the 1862 book and the 1849 book equally scarce and assume that the editions must have been of about equal size.

October, 1944.

The ghost of Mrs. Thoreau walked twice. It was a long time ago; and nothing has been seen of her since 1877, five years after her body was buried in Sleepy Hollow and a year after the last of her children had been buried beside her. She may have walked more than twice; but in the fall of 1877 there was someone keeping watch in the old Thoreau house on Main Street. Mrs. Alcott was dying; and a nurse or one of the Alcott girls kept vigil those nights. And on two nights Mrs. Thoreau came.

One night Louisa May Alcott was sitting up and saw Mrs. Thoreau in the passageway with a lamp. She knew it was Mrs. Thoreau. She had known her well in life; and now the figure in the hall held her shawl in the same awkward way Mrs. Thoreau had done ever since she had broken her wrist. The figure with the lamp went into a back storeroom (it had been a place of dust and shavings in the pencil-making days) and carefully inspected the entire room, going around all four walls. Louisa later remembered that Mrs. Thoreau had had a horror of fire, and she had heard that such an inspection was a regular thing when the Thoreaus lived in the house. Satisfied that there would be no fire that night, the figure came back out of the room and entered a closet. Louisa could see the light descending as if someone were going down stairs. But there was no stairway there. Next morning Louisa inspected that closet and the area beneath it. It had been a stairway! But now the stairs were torn out and the space was closet and pantry. You can find all this told in the July 11, 1895, issue of TIME AND THE HOUR.

I did not know until this month about the other appearance of the ghost. Doctor Piper got the story from a friend of his. Here is her account: "During our stay in Concord, May 1880 to September 1884, I saw Mrs. Anna Alcott Pratt often and intimately. I remember her telling me that one morning during her mother's last sickness the nurse at breakfast asked who the little old lady was who came into the sickroom, heated some water, and made herself a cup of tea. Her description was detailed and she evidently had no idea she was not telling an actual happening. She was a stranger to Concord. She was much surprised at the reaction of the family: 'Why, that is what Mrs. Thoreau did regularly.'"

NOTES ON THE WALDEN ORATORIO by Charles Choset

[Editor's note: In June of 1985 the WALDEN ORATORIO of Charles Choset was performed

in New York City by Equity Showcase each evening for three weeks. Unable to get to New York City for the performances, I wrote the composer asking how he happened to compose it. He replied with a detailed letter which because I wanted to share it with members of our society, I have been given permission to reproduce here. He also sent me a tape of the entire oratorio which I have played over and over again with great pleasure.]

How I came to write WALDEN: Two plus years ago I wrote an oratorio called MESSIAH--I took Handel's text, in a new translation, and set it to music. (Parenthetically, anyone who longs for oblivion should immediately make a lifetime career as librettist. Ask friends and colleagues who edited/redacted the libretto for Handel's MESSIAH and see how many name Charles Jennens.) Up till then, I had written book musicals. After MESSIAH I turned to a friend (properly thanked in the program) and said, "I love doing oratorios. All singing, no talking. Give me another idea for an oratorio, but I don't want to rampage my way through the Bible." The friend suggested WALDEN. Now, I am very well read in certain areas, my library numbers many thousands of volumes and though I owned WALDEN (Variorum of course) I'd never read it. For seven months (from Oct 1969--May 1970) I lived alone in remote Maine--4 miles outside of Brooks, population 500. There I read THE MAINE WOODS, and I confess I was not bowled over by the volume. So, with some misgiving I read WALDEN. From my vantage point, it was ideal material for an oratorio. 1. Like an oratorio, everyone in the audience could be expected to know the "story" and not be sitting on the edge of their seats wondering how it ends. 2. Like an oratorio, it has a kind of thread of narrative, but mostly it's reflection and rumination. And 3. Like an oratorio, it has the religious underpinnings of Thoreau's Transcendentalism. Now we're all familiar with theapothegm, The unexamined life is not worth living, and I am a not unintrospective (litotes--by the bye, my degrees are in Ancient Greek) person, nevertheless, something way beyond inspiration happened inside me on reading WALDEN. I believe one shouldn't too closely examine the sources of one's creativity, but let me say that some remarkably deep chords within me responded to WALDEN and Thoreau. So, with pencil in hand, I read WALDEN with this thought in mind: to mark off the passages that touched or impressed me very much. After doing that (and that was my only criterion; I never thought in terms of, What passages would seem to lend themselves to being set to music, no, nothing so practical), I turned to an old friend, Phyllis Cohen, who types all my manuscripts for me and asked her to type up all the marked off passages. Phyllis: "Just what I've always wanted to do, type WALDEN." God bless her, she did it. The resulting manuscript came to 190 pages. As you can see from the enclosed libretto of 19 pages, there was a good deal of editing and redacting that followed that typing feat. It was one of the most difficult tasks I'd ever undertaken, but the resulting 59 passages was my limit--I couldn't bear to part with another word.

As you can see from the libretto, I imposed a bit of form on the material, making it seem as if the entire WALDEN experience lasted one full year, instead of the 2 years, 2 months, 2 days it really lasted. One of my first decisions from a theatrical standpoint was to de-first-person-ize the text. Otherwise we would have one man standing on stage for 2 1/2 hours boring the pants off an audience. Although I was trying for a cast of 20, the show finally went up with a cast of 14. A note on the overture: I got the conceit that I would go up to Walden and, using my very sensitive tape deck, record the natural sounds to be heard there. Need I spell out for you the disaster that was that excursion? It seems the only truly respectful visitors that day were the Japanese and I. Besides the crying babies, the radios, the cute cracks such as "Where'd he get his food, where's the 711 around here?---

---For a while there I thought, since I saw WALDEN as an absolutely contemporary work, that that tape of the 'natural" sounds of Walden would indeed be an apt overture...What I finally used was a recording I found (of 30 minutes' duration) called "Dawn at New Hope, Pennsylvania." This being a city where anything's possible, I waited for the moment when some audience member, in a fit of pedantry, would rise up upon hearing the overture and shout out, "That's not Walden, that's New Hope!" But it never happened.

WALDEN is scored for a band of 6: drums, electric bass, electric guitar, cello, the music director/conductor on piano and a monophonic synthesizer and a synthesist (the can't-be-praised-too highly Yamaha DX-7).

Stravinsky has described happiness as "knowing where your boundaries are, going there and pushing yourself further." For the six weeks it took me write the score for WALDEN (Jan. 10, 1985--Feb. 21) I felt that stravinskyan happiness. I am very proud of what I did with WALDEN.

[And in a later letter after I had heard the tape:]

Part of my challenge in setting the text was to use <u>all</u> the text I'd chosen, no matter how seemingly intransigent on first encounter. With very few exceptions, I indeed stuck to the chosen text. And in fact, any divergences you may hear on the tape are due to performers' liberties. I briefly hinted when we were chatting that I had woven a muscal motif throughout the score; I think I said, that I perceived Thoreau's adventure to embody not a total at-oneness with Nature, but a relationship that reflected the closest harmony possible. Reflecting this, virtually every musical number depends in some degree on minor seconds (i.e.,E/E^{b}), --the closest harmony one can achieve in

our standard musical system (pace Charles Ives and his quarter tones). You will also notice that the ends of Parts I and II are slightly rearranged from the order of the libretto. This was determined toward the end of the rehearsal period and was occasioned solely by what I thought to be most effective musically and theatrically. Another theme woven into the show was that spoken language can indeed be seen as a kind of vocalism. I don't think #63 (the end of the show) comes across at all on the tape, but it was quite effective in the theater--each person is supposed to urgently whisper their part of the text; the last line ("Now put the foundations under them") being whispered tutti unison. Altogether in fact 12 numbers have incorporated into them some kind of speech. While we're on the subject, #37, the end of Part I, ends in a 14-part fugato, or canon, with each person saying "Bless yourself" two beats before the next and then exiting. So much of what Thoreau wrote seems to be in this hortatory vein (when it's not positively cocksure--a slight pun on the epigraph). I should also explain five numbers in the show that I'm sure sound immensely chaotic on the tape (#5, 18, 31, 51, and I left the woods--now #61). There is something I do, virtually my trademark, which I call stranding. Behind a lead vocalist, I take small pieces of the text (a strand) and assign each to a singer, sometimes in a different rhythm, sometimes in a different key, and each repeats their strand over and over, under the lead, till the end of the song. That is, I don't so much harmonize as lay down band tracks. This is terribly boring to the singers, but immensely exciting for the audience, which has to do the mix for itself. (Though unheard of in the theater, this process is very common in the recording of pop music.) Also, I should add, that as with MESSIAH, the closer the performance came to the Alleluia Chorus (MESSIAH #38), the more one could feel the audience tense up, almost audibly wondering, What is he going to do with that? The same thing in WALDEN with (now #62) Why should we...? No matter how ignorant of WALDEN a member of the audience was, everybody knew the different drummer passage.

LETTER TO THE EDITOR

To the Editor:

Walden Pond has been included in the new Outer Green Belt around the Boston area, meaning it is to be part of the urban open park system. This fall the state started a $263,000 project in there, deliberately changing the character of Walden with city-park drawing-board plans. This particular project is designed to draw more people around the back end of Walden, below the railroad tracks and up over the southern or Lincoln side where the paths and slopes are already so badly damaged from trampling that side should be closed off.

Plans are almost complete on the drawing board for the landscaping of the Lincoln side. That will be more than a million dollars project, as it calls for putting in big boulders and very costly trees and shrubs for nearly one half mile. The only reason it hasn't begun is the state can't find a contractor to do it under a million. According to the 1960 State Supreme Judicial Court ruling, they should be reforesting in there, all around Walden, not landscaping.

Governor Dukakis and his wife, Kitty, were brought in there and shown the pretty landscaping done last year at the beach area, where costly estate-type tiles were put in as a walkway, and where dump loads of sand had been put in and all washed down into the Pond; also where huge nursery red maples had been planted like on an estate--trees half that size and half that cost could have been used and let nature grow them to that size.

Walden Forever Wild is gathering signatures from all over the world, requesting Governor Dukakis to stop the landscaping at Walden, to return Walden to its natural forested condition, and to declare Walden an historical-educational-ecological sanctuary. Anyone may write in for a copy of the petition to Walden Forever Wild, P.O. Box 275, Concord, Mass. 01742. Don't try writing directly to the Governor--he sends all Walden mail over the the Department of Environmental Management, which is the department that is changing the historic, revered character of Walden. Send individual requests, addressing the Governor, to Walden Forever Wild. In the spring all signatures from all over the world will be piled on his desk. It is hoped to have every State in this country represented, for we have told the Department of Environmental Management and the Governor that Walden Pond belongs to all of America, and the world, not just to the recreation people around Boston.

Mary P. Sherwood.

SOPHIA THOREAU TO CAROLINE DALL by Helen R. Deese.

Caroline H. Dall (1822-1912), writer, critic, lecturer, and reformer who was on the fringes of the Transcendentalist circle, was also an indefatigable letter writer. She knew practically everyone of note in mid and late nineteenth century America, and outlived most of them. It was her common habit to write a letter of condolence to the family upon the death of any of these luminaries; the one which she wrote to the Thoreau family following Henry's death on May 6, 1862, elicited this cordial and emotional reply (now in the Caroline H. Dall Papers at the Massachusetts Historical Society) from his sister Sophia:

Concord Aug. 18th [1862]

My dear Mrs. Dall,

Excuse my delay in acknowledging your very kind note of sympathy.--I was confined to my room with illness at the time it reached me, & since then my dear mother & myself have been absent for a fortnight.--I assure you we are most sadly bereaved,

the light, and glory, of our household, forever gone. Still our hearts thrill with joy at the thought of that exalted spirit which has passed from earth.

No mortal ever left a sweeter memory, to console the mourner, than has my precious brother. It is a great pleasure to recall his whole life, so pure, so serene, & so profitable withal.--

It would give us much pleasure to see you at our house whenever you find leisure to visit Concord.--I should like to tell you how simply, and beautifully, my dear brother accepted sickness, & death.

My mother unites with me in thanking you for your heart-felt expression of regard for us, in this season of trial.--

Yours very truly
Sophia E. Thoreau

Tennessee Technological University

ADDITIONS TO THE THOREAU BIBLIOGRAPHY...WH

Anderson, Esther Howe. THE THOREAU COUNTRY Edited by Bill Anderson. Introduction by Walter Harding. Camden: BAProductions, 1986. A forty-minute video tape of Thoreau scenes $75. It may be ordered thru the Thoreau Lyceum.

Armistead, Carolyn. "Lifestyles at Walden" MIDDLESEX NEWS. Aug. 2, 1986. Thoreau dramatised at the pond.

Auster, Paul. GHOSTS. Los Angeles: Sun & Moon, 1986. 96pp. For some strange, unknown reason, writers of mystery stories seem to have an affinity for Thoreau. I must have ten or fifteen mysteries on my bookshelf in which Thoreau or some of his works are frequently mentioned. This is one of the strangest and most intriguing. The detective, Mr. Blue, is assigned to keep watch of a Mr. Black for no explained reason and soon discovers he spends most of his time reading WALDEN. Blue buys a copy of WALDEN to try to understand Black. "As Blue begins to read, he feels as though he is entering an alien world. Trudging through swamps and brambles, hoisting himself up gloomy screes and treacherous cliffs, he feels like a prisoner on a forced march, and his only thought is to escape. He is bored by Thoreau's words and finds it difficult to concentrate. Whole chapters go by, and when he comes to the end of them he realizes that he has not retained a thing. . . . What he does not know is that were he to find the patience to read the book in the spirit in which it asks to be read, his entire life would begin to change, and little by little he would come to a full understanding of his situation." It is a fascinating fable, sort of a cross between Kafka and "Bartleby." Unlike most mystery books, it is a book to start one thinking. Additionally, it is a gem of typography.

Balakian, Peter. "Thoreau at Nauset." CAROLINA QUARTERLY, 33 (1981), 10-18. Poem.

Bly, Robert. "The Greatness of Thoreau" AMERICAN POETRY REVIEW, 15 (Sept. 1986), 7-16. Reprinted from THE WINGED LIFE.

Burleigh, Robert. A MAN NAMED THOREAU. Reviews: BULL. OF CENTER FOR CHILDREN'S BOOKS, Dec. 1985; HORN BOOK, March, 1986.

Casey, Don & Lew Hackler. SENSIBLE CRUISING: THE THOREAU APPROACH. Seascape Enterprises, 1986. 331pp. $24.95. I never expected to be reviewing a book on how to sail a small boat in these pages, but here it is, for the whole book is devoted to applying Thoreau's principles of simplicity to the art of sailing. The book is not only filled with hundreds of quotations from Thoreau, but even the chapter heads of the book duplicate those of WALDEN. I have no sailing experience so I cannot evaluate how the book would help on the water (though I have no reason to believe it would be anything other than helpful. And certainly as a "Thoreau item" it is an outstanding curiosity. I never would have imagined that Thoreau's philosophy could be so aptly applied to anything as disparate as cruising.

Dickson, Brenton H. & Homer C. Lucas. ONE TOWN IN THE AMERICAN REVOLUTION: WESTON, MASSACHUSETTS. Weston: Weston Historical Society, 1976. Chapters 6 and 7 concern Thoreau's Loyalist great grandfather.

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Eggert, Jim. "Henry Thoreau as Economic Prophet" in MILTON FRIEDMAN, THOREAU & GRANDFATHER PINE. Nashville, Tenn: Winston-Derek, 1986. pp. 25-29. "Thoreau was genuinely concerned for the economic welfare of his fellow man, but he did not want us to waste away our lives in pursuing overabundance."

Ferguson, Malcolm. "Kent and Thoreau" KENT COLLECTOR, 13 (Summer, 1986), 14-17. Thoreau and the artist Rockwell Kent.

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-----. THE SPIRIT OF THE HUCKLEBERRY. Review: AMERICAN STUDIES, 1986.

Frome, Michael. "The Maine Woods: Thoreau, the Essential Guide, Now as in His Own Time" in PROMISED LAND. New York: Morrow, 1985. pp. 76-94.

Gilmore, Michael T. "WALDEN and the 'Curse of Trade" in AMERICAN ROMANTICISM AND THE MARKETPLACE. Univ. of Chicago Press, 1985 35-161,

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Krueger, James. "Walk to Wachusett" IN-

TUITIONS, I (Fall-1986), 35-44.
McIlroy, Gary. "The Sparer Climate for Which I Longed: PILGRIM AT TINKER CREEK and the Spiritual Imperatives of Fall," TQ, 16 (Summer, 1984), 156-161. Comparison with WALDEN.
Peck, H. Daniel. "'Further Down the Stream of Time': Memory and Perspective in Thoreau's A WEEK ON THE CONCORD AND MERRIMACK RIVERS, TQ, 16 (Summer, 1984), 93-118.
Petrie, Paul. "Thoreau" CHRISTIAN CENTURY (Feb. 5, 1986), 115. A poem.
Rabinowitz, David E. THE ABUSE OF A PUBLIC TRUST: A CASE HISTORY OF WALDEN POND. Cambridge, Mass.: Pub. by author, 1986, 67pp. $10. A legal case study. May be obtained from Walden Forever Wild.
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Sands, Donald B. "Two Maliseet Derivatives in Current Maine and New Brunswick Forestland Speech: Logan and Bogan" NAMES, 32 (1984), 392-401. On Thoreau's usage.
Sherwood, Mary. "An 'Invasion' at Walden Pond" CONCORD JOURNAL. Oct. 30, 1986. Opposes reconstruction.
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Shively, Charley. CALAMUS LOVERS. San Francisco: Gay Sunshine Press, 1987. pp. 137-138, on Thoreau and Alek Therien.
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Thoreau, Henry David. THE WINGED LIFE: THE POETIC VOICE OF HENRY DAVID THOREAU. Edited and with Commentaries by Robert Bly. San Francisco: Sierra Club, 1986. 151pp. $18.95. This is a selection of Thoreau's poems and poetic prose passages chosen and commented on by the poet Robert Bly. The selection itself is a curious one with an overemphasis on some of his poetic fragments. While Bly is obviously a Thoreau enthusiast, his comments often seem strained and his convoluted and metaphorical style contrasts badly with Thoreau's crisp, clear words. However typographically the book is a gem with wood-engravings by Michael McCurdy (though he fails ever to quite catch Thoreau's face). This is a book we had been looking forward to and we are unhappy to have to confess our disappointment with it. Incidentally this book was originally published as a limited edition by Carolyn and James Robertson of the Yolla Bolly Press, Covelo, California, last spring. We have not seen that edition.
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We are indebted to the following for information sent in for this bulletin. Please keep the secretary informed of items he has missed and new ones as they appear: T.Blanding, W.Bly, W.Cummings, M.Detterline, J.Drummond, M.G.Fenn, M.Ferguson, V.Friesen, L.Gougeon, T.Haddin, E.Johnson, D.Kamen-Kaye, G.McIlroy, R.Poland, R.Pound, G.Ryan, E.Schofield and P. Williams.

THE 1987 ANNUAL MEETING OF THE THOREAU SOCIETY will be held the week-end of Saturday July July 11, 1987. Further details will be announced in the Spring bulletin by the President, Michael Meyer.

NOTES AND QUERIES . . .

According to the November 1986 DOWN EAST, Joseph Attean, Thoreau's Maine guide, is included in the Native American Hall of Fame in Page, Arizona.

According to Robert Lacey's FORD: THE MEN AND THE MACHINE (Little, Brown, 1986), in September, 1913, John Burroughs took Henry Ford to visit Walden Pond and Sleeply Hollow Cemetery (p.112) and Ford had a quotation from Thoreau ("Chop your own wood and it will warm you twice") carved over the fireplace in his mansion (p. 150).

According to Eileen Egan's SUCH A VISION OF THE STREET (Doubleday, 1985, p. 306), on her visit to New England Mother Teresa was taken to see Walden Pond and said she was glad to learn of a man who had influenced Gandhi.

According to Dorothy Herrmann's S.J. PERELMAN: A LIFE (Putnam, 1986, p. 22) one of the humorist's idols as a boy was Thoreau.

Hallmark has recently issued a Thanksgiving card reading, "The language of friendship is not words but meanings--Thoreau."

On July 27, 1875 more than 250 residents of Salem, Mass., and vicinity , members of the Essex Institute, took a guided tour of Concord, including a visit to Thoreau's Walden Pond and to the Clamshell heap on the Sudbury River to see where Thoreau had collected Indian relics, according to the BULLETIN OF THE ESSEX INSTITUTE, 7 (1875), 134-138.